



STARMAN



3

NOV 94

\$1.95 US
\$2.75 CAN
£1.25 UK



ROBINSON

HARRIS

VON GRAWBADGER



HARRIS

94



HAVEN'T HAD TIME.
A MOMENT TO
THINK.

...TO THINK ABOUT
DAD. TO REMEMBER
MY BROTHER DAVID.

BUT NOW...

...SLIKE I'VE DAMMED
THE WHOLE THING UP
AND THEN OPENED THE
FLOODGATES.

THE MEMORIES
AND THOUGHTS
WON'T STOP.

NOT A CLEAN,
CLEAR MOMENT...



IT'S A
BRAVE THING
YOU'RE
DOING,
JACK.

BRAVE?
WHAT?

KYLE,
THE MIST'S
SON, WANTING
TO FIGHT YOU...
A DUEL... MAN-
TO-MAN IN THE
SKY, IN RETURN
FOR YOUR
FATHER'S
SAFE
RELEASE.

BUT WHAT AM
I SUPPOSED TO
DO? LET THE
OLD MAN GET
SNUFFED?

I SOME-
TIMES GROW
A GOATEE,
YOU KNOW
THAT?

AND I
HAVE TO
LOOK
IN THE
MIRROR
WHEN IT'S
TIME TO
SHAVE
IT OFF...

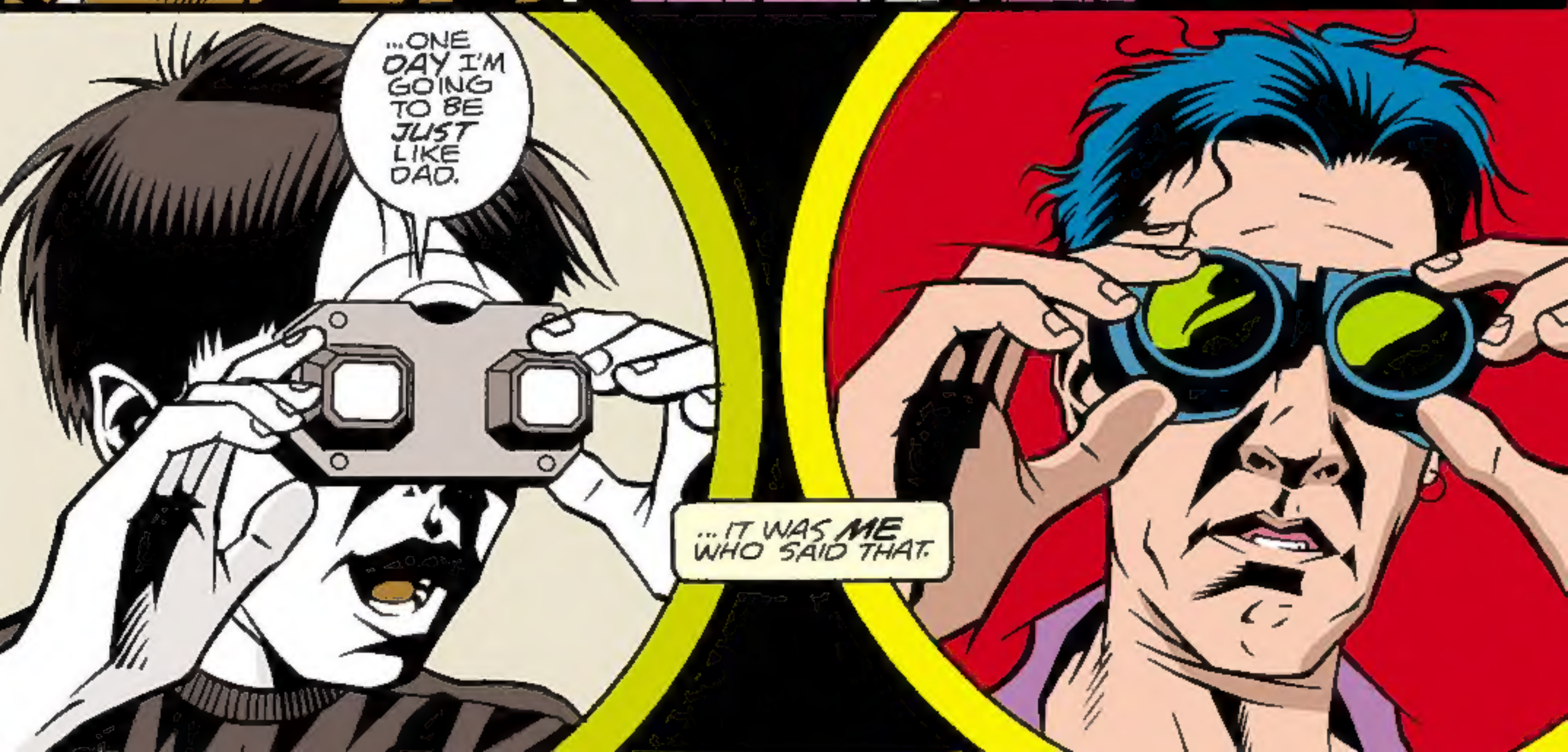
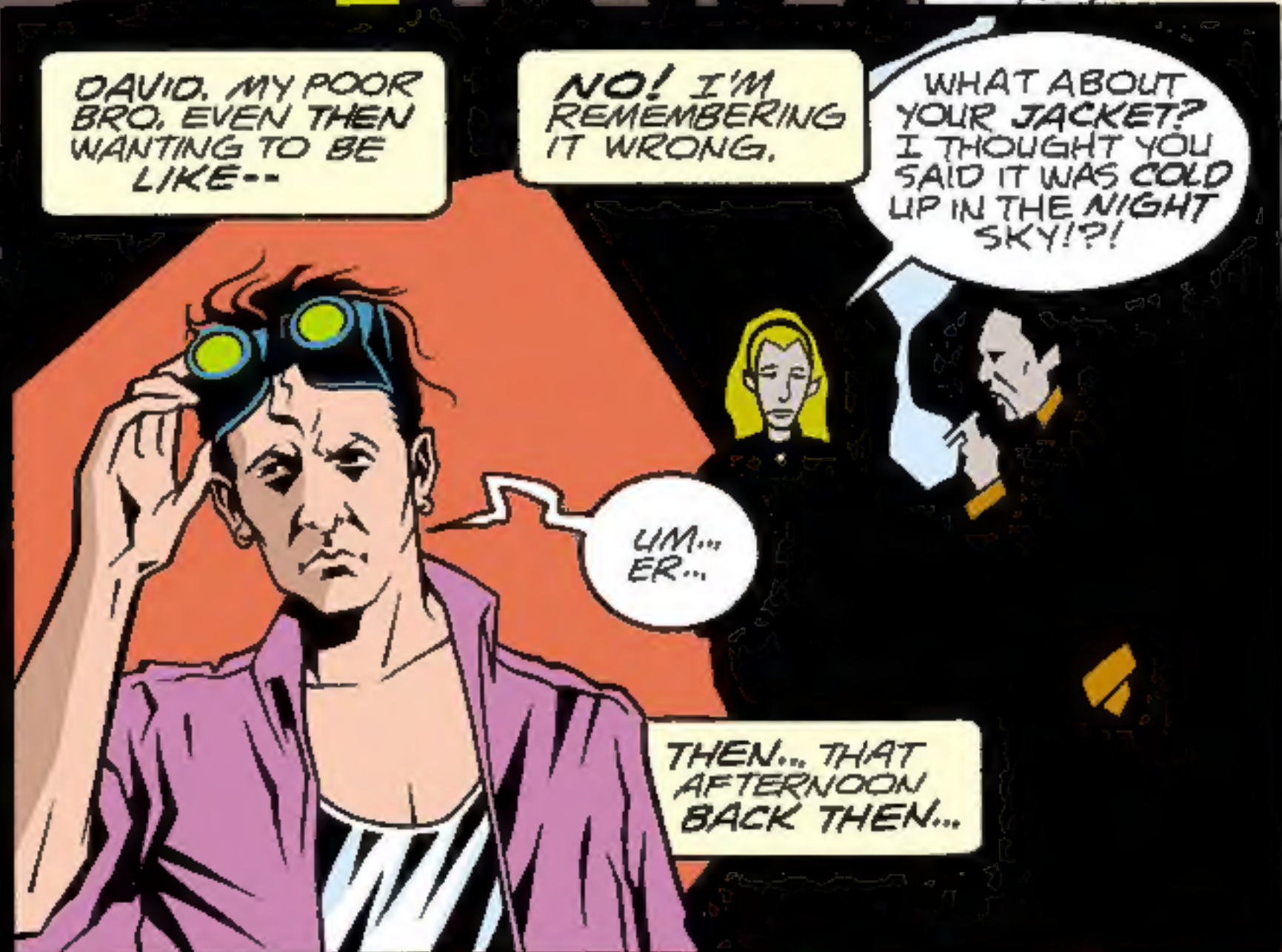
MEMORIES.

"LOOK, DAVEY..."


NOW, THERE
YOU GO, SAYING
THAT DAMN "H" WORD.
ONCE AND FOR ALL, HOPE,
I AM NO HERO. I MAY
LOOK CALM NOW, BUT
I'M MERELY ICY-COLD-
SCARED IS THE TRUTH
OF THE MATTER.

AND YOU
AGREEING.

A BRAVE
THING.
HEROIC.







AND NOW I'M
THINKING...

...ABOUT
DAD.

REMEMBERING.

SINS OF THE FATHER
PART FOUR

NIGHT F(L)IGHT

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YEAH, DAD.

AND THAT TIME I BOUGHT THE COLLECTION OF '70'S DISCO LPs. I WAS LISTENING TO THEM FOR SCRATCHES. DAD HAPPENED TO BE THERE.

ROCK THE BOAT BY THE HUES CORPORATION WAS PLAYING AND MY FATHER LISTENS FOR A MOMENT.



THEN HE SAYS, CALMLY... THAT SINGER SOUNDS JUST LIKE NAT KING COLE.

KNIGHT!

HERE I AM! LET'S SEE WHAT YOU'VE GOT!

"YEAH, YEAH," I THOUGHT TO MYSELF. "SHUT UP, OLD MAN. STOP BEING STUPID."

AND BY THE TIME THE OJAYS STARTED PLAYING...



...I'D FORGOTTEN WHAT MY FATHER HAD SAID.

EXCEPT...

I HADN'T...



I COULDN'T SLEEP.
DAD'S WORDS IN
MY HEAD.

THREE O'CLOCK IN
THE MORNING, I
GET UP AND PLAY
THAT RECORD
AGAIN.

NHH.

I LISTEN.

AND SURE ENOUGH, HE'S
RIGHT, MY FATHER. THE
SINGER OF THE
HUES CORPORATION
DID INDEED SOUND
JUST LIKE NAT KING
COLE.

NO
SHADES ON
UP HERE,
HUH?

YOUR
FIRST
MISTAKE.

THAT'S MY FATHER. WEIRD
THOUGHTS AND OPINIONS.
SOME SOUND DUMBER
THAN DUMB. BUT THEY'RE
ACTUALLY NOT...THEY'RE
SMART...THEY'RE RIGHT.
AND OTHER TIMES...HE
SOUNDS SO ON THE
BALL...WHEN ACTUALLY
HE'S NOT AT ALL.

A MIXTURE
OF STUPID
AND SAGE.

IS THAT JUST MY FATHER, I
WONDER...OR ARE ALL
PARENTS LIKE THAT?

ANHH



WHY, LITTLE SNITCH?

WHY'DYA TELL DAD I DID IT?

DAVE... DON'T... 'SORRY.

BRO...

OSH



...REMEMBERING YOU NOW...

...CAN'T RECALL IF I EVER DECIDED WHETHER I LIKED YOU OR NO--

NICE MOVE.



NICE AND...

...HARD.

LUCKY MY SKULL'S HARDER.

YOU MUST BE THINKING YOU'RE PRETTY COOL AT THIS TIME, I'M GUESSING.

KSTLZ

KRAL



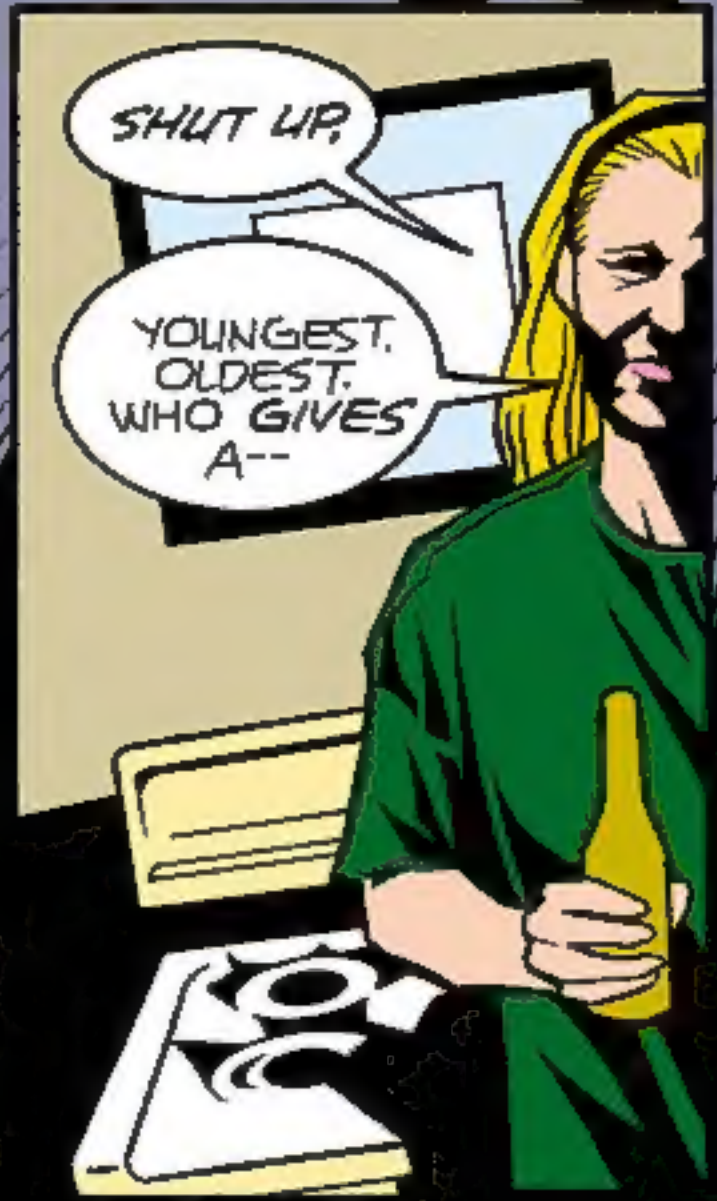
ALL
I'M SAYING IS
WE DID ALL WE
COULD.

AND ALL
I'M SAYING IS
THAT POP WOULD
HAVE BEEN
ASHAMED
OF US.



WHAT'S YOUR
BEEF, SIS? 'N WHAT
GIVES YOU THE
RIGHT TO VOICE IT
EVEN IF YOU
GOT ONE?

YEAH,
YOU'RE THE
YOUNGEST.
DON'T FORG--



SHUT UP.

YOUNGEST,
OLDEST,
WHO GIVES
A--



WE WERE SUPPOSED
TO GUARD TED
KNIGHT, THE FAMOUS
O'DARE FAMILY. ALL
OF US COPS, AND ALL
WE SUCCEEDED IN
DOING WAS
LETTING HIM GET
TAKEN.

JACK KNIGHT,
HE'S THE ONE
DOING ALL
HE CAN, WE
HAVEN'T DONE
MUCH OF
ANYTHING.

AND
FRANKLY,
I'M
ASHAMED.



AND
SHAME
IS SUCH A
TERRIBLE
EMOTION.

HOLY--

GUN!
GET--

IT'S--

YES, YES.
ME, THE BIG,
BAD VILLAIN. THE
BIG, BAD
WOLF.

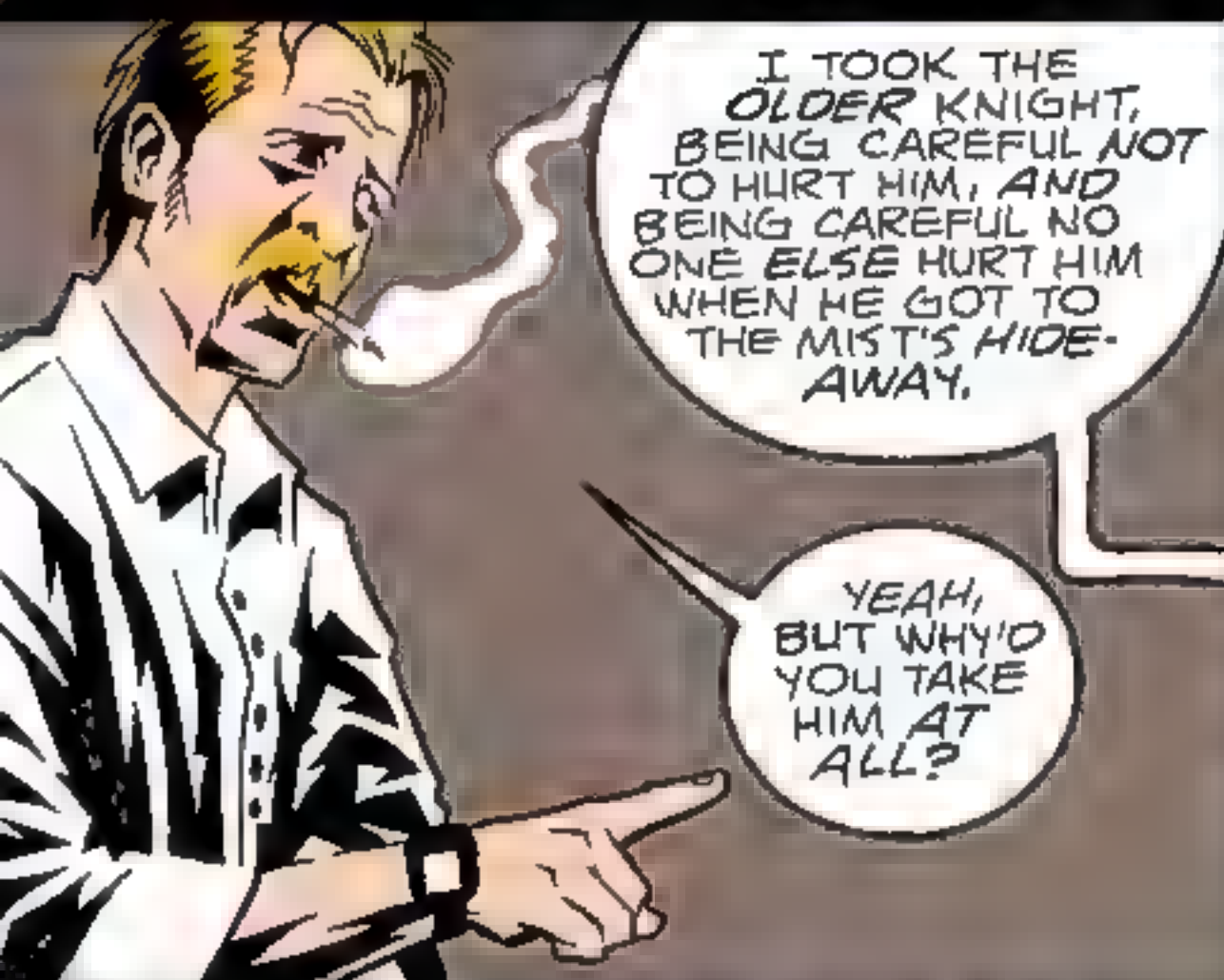




I WANT
QUIET SUNDAY
AFTERNOONS.
I WANT A GOOD
MEAL AND
GOOD WINE.
I WANT
PEACE...

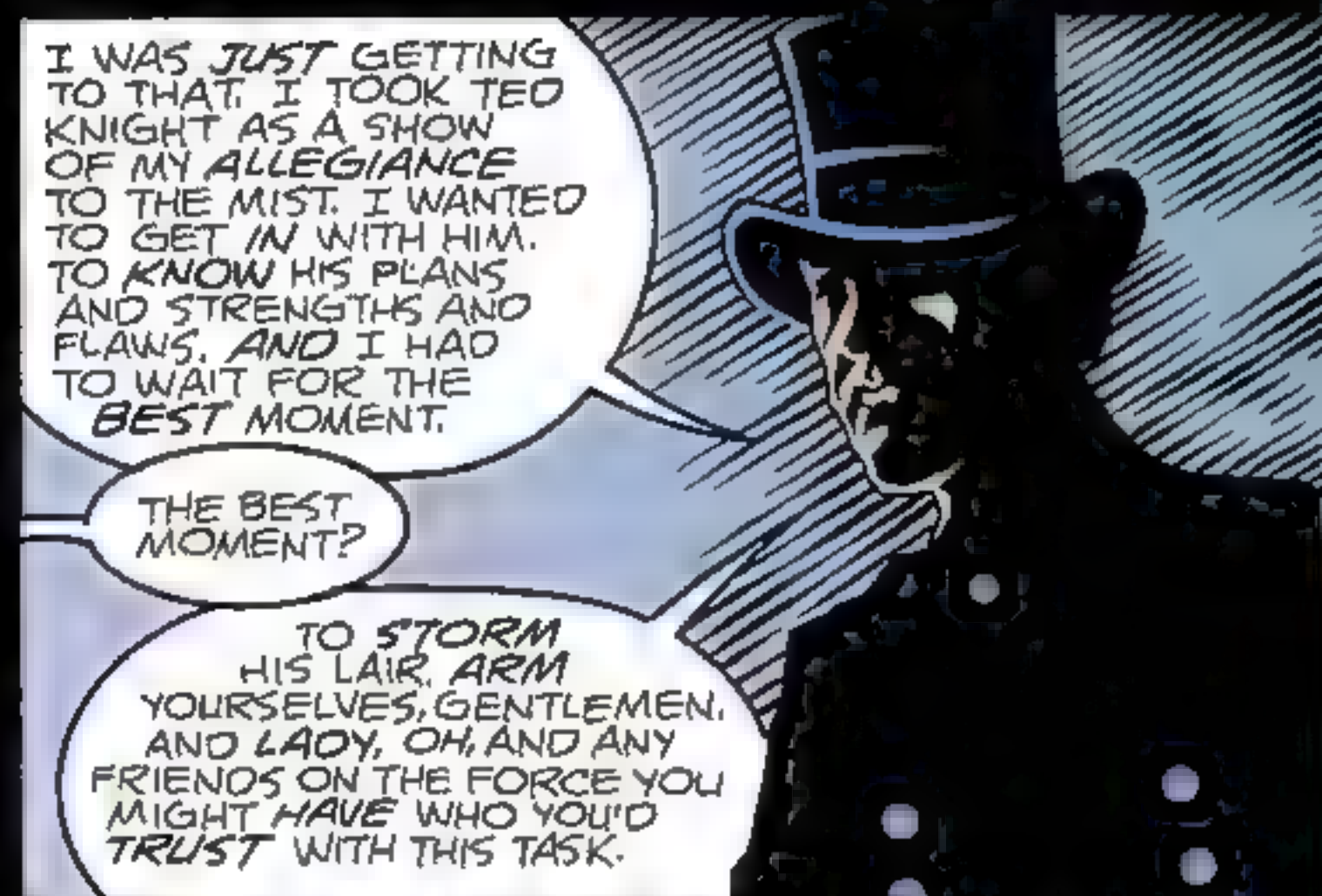


ALL THE
LOOTING
AND KILLING
AND ROBBING.
THAT SORT OF
THING *MIGHT*
BE FINE FOR
GOTHAM CITY OR
METROPOLIS
BUT NOT HERE.



I TOOK THE
OLDER KNIGHT,
BEING CAREFUL NOT
TO HURT HIM, AND
BEING CAREFUL NO
ONE ELSE HURT HIM
WHEN HE GOT TO
THE MIST'S HIDE-
AWAY.

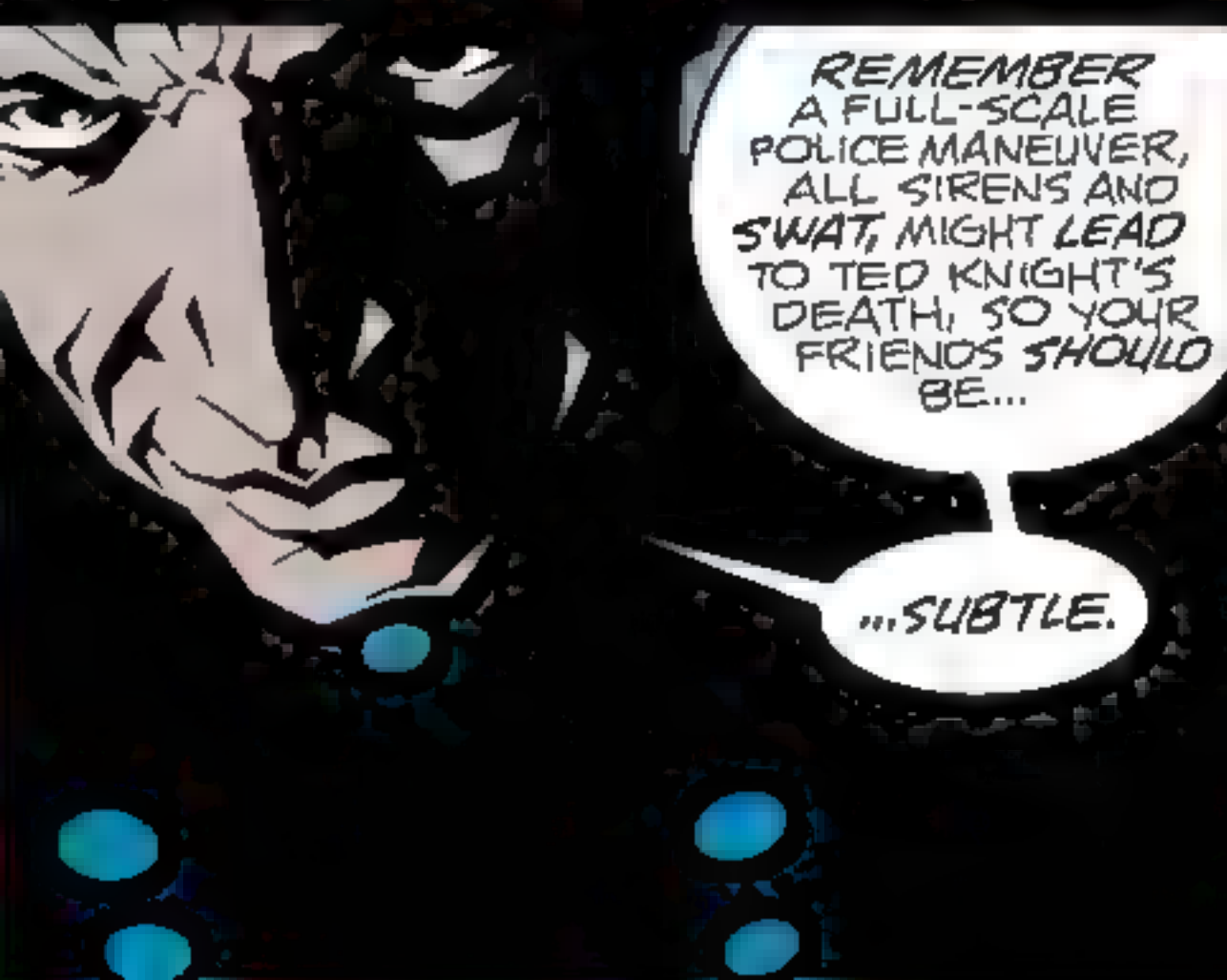
YEAH,
BUT WHY'D
YOU TAKE
HIM AT
ALL?



I WAS JUST GETTING
TO THAT. I TOOK TED
KNIGHT AS A SHOW
OF MY ALLEGIANCE
TO THE MIST. I WANTED
TO GET IN WITH HIM.
TO KNOW HIS PLANS
AND STRENGTHS AND
FLAWS. AND I HAD
TO WAIT FOR THE
BEST MOMENT.

THE BEST
MOMENT?

TO STORM
HIS LAIR. ARM
YOURSELVES, GENTLEMEN,
AND LADY, OH, AND ANY
FRIENDS ON THE FORCE YOU
MIGHT HAVE WHO YOU'D
TRUST WITH THIS TASK.



REMEMBER
A FULL-SCALE
POLICE MANEUVER,
ALL SIRENS AND
SWAT, MIGHT LEAD
TO TED KNIGHT'S
DEATH, SO YOUR
FRIENDS SHOULD
BE...

...SUBTLE.



THE MIST'S
HIDEOUT! YOU
KNOW WHERE
IT IS?

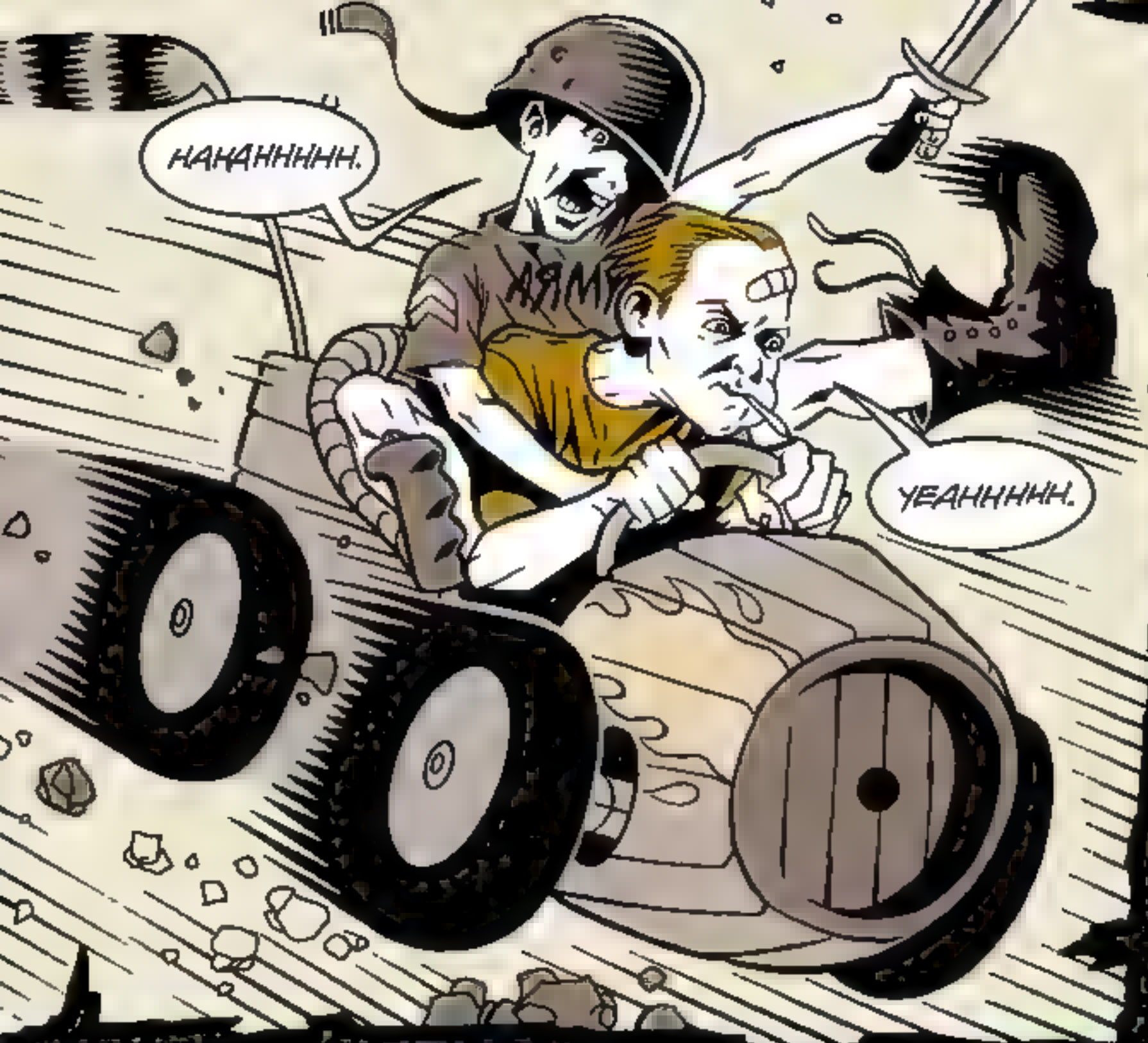
NO, WE
MET ON PARK
BENCHES, LIKE
SPIES IN A
LEN DEIGHTON
NOVEL.

OF COURSE
I KNOW WHERE
HIS HIDEOUT IS,
THE LAST PLACE
YOU'D THINK TO
LOOK, TOO...

"THE OPAL CREEK
CEMETERY. THE
KNIGHT FAMILY
MAUSOLEUM."









HEY, JACKIE, LOOK...SEE HERE GOT TWO TOWER OF POWER TICKETS.

WHAT FOR? YOU DON'T EVEN LIKE THEM.

NO, BUT YOU DO. IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY, BRO. YOU FORGOTTEN? HAVE A GOOD ONE.



YOU TOUCH MY BROTHER AGAIN AND I'LL DO MORE THAN HIT YOU.

YOU GOT THAT?

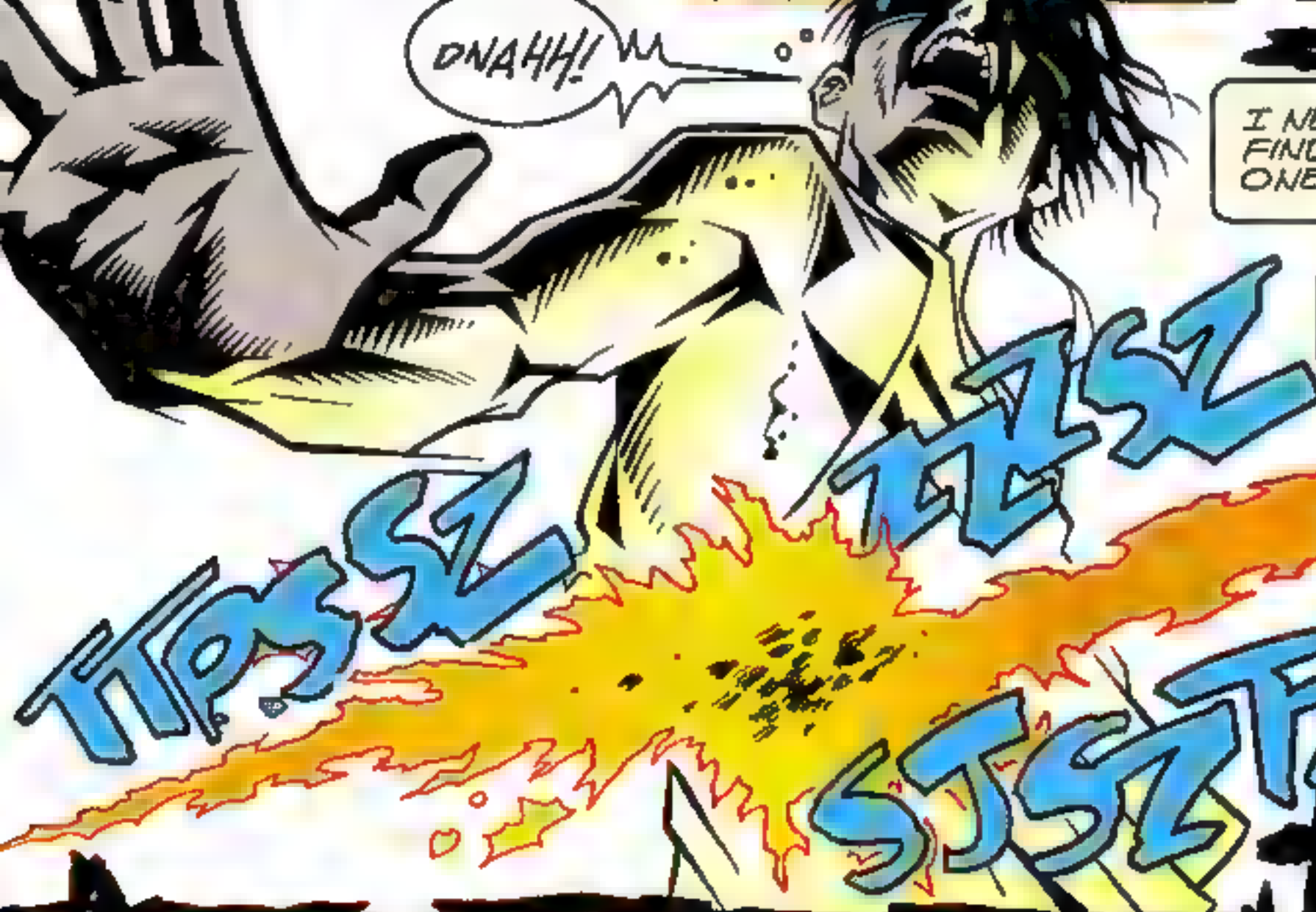


DAVE, I DON'T BELIEVE IT. YOU BROKE MY ROY ROGERS QUAKER OATS SOUVENIR CUP.

YEAH, SORRY, NEEDED IT FOR COFFEE. IT BROKE WHEN I WASHED IT.

IT WAS FROM THE '50S. IT WAS FOR COLLECTING, NOT DRINKING OUT OF.

NO, BROTHER. NO WAY. A CUP IS FOR DRINKING FROM. END OF STORY.



DNAHH!

I NEVER DID FIND ANOTHER ONE, EITHER.

BUT I FORGAVE MY BROTHER.

HOW DOES IT FEEL, KNIGHT? CRAZY? PATHETIC? FIGHTING... DYING UP HERE.

FOR A BROTHER YOU DIDN'T EVEN LIKE.



AND HE FORGAVE ME, FOR THINGS I DID TO HIM.

FIRSTLY, I'M NOT DEAD.

AND SECONDLY, I MAY NOT HAVE LIKED MY BROTHER...



ARR HHHH



...BUT I
LOVED
HIM!

I LIED.

MY BROTHER. HOW I
FEEL... FELT, ABOUT
HIS DEATH. AND
HIM.

ALL THOSE
MEMORIES AND
I STILL DON'T
KNOW. YET TO
GRIEVE. TO FEEL
MUCH OF ANY-
THING.

WHAT ISN'T ALIE.

I'LL NEVER KILL
AGAIN. NEVER.

MY BROTHER'S MURDERER.
THE ONCE... ONLY TIME.

HE LED US
HERE. HELPED
SUBDUED THE
GOONS. THE MIST.
ESPECIALLY... HE
HELPED SNARE
THE MIST.

AND
THEN?

SHADOWS
BECOME A
DOORWAY.
HE STEPS
THROUGH.
HE'S GONE.

"WE'LL MEET.
WE'LL TALK.
I HAVE TWO
GIFTS."

TERSE
PROSE STYLE.
I'LL GIVE
HIM TH--

YOU
KILLED
HIM!

BUT
THE SHADE
DID LEAVE A
NOTE BEHIND,
FOR YOU.

YOU KILLED
MY BROTHER!
YOU BASTARD!
FILTHY
BASTARD!

I LET YOU LIVE
AND YOU KILLED
HIM? I CAN'T
BELIEVE IT. YOU MADE
ME AN ACCOMPLICE.
MY MERCY WAS
KYLE'S DEATH! YOU
BASTARD, YOU--



THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE ME, THERE'LL BE NO MERCY.

YOU'RE STARMAN NOW? YOU'RE THE MAN, RIGHT?

ERR, NO, I...



WELL, WAIT AND SEE WHAT I BECOME.



I THOUGHT YOU STUTTERED.

THAT WAS SOMEBODY ELSE.



I'M VERY TIRED. I REALLY WOULD LIKE TO LIE DOWN.

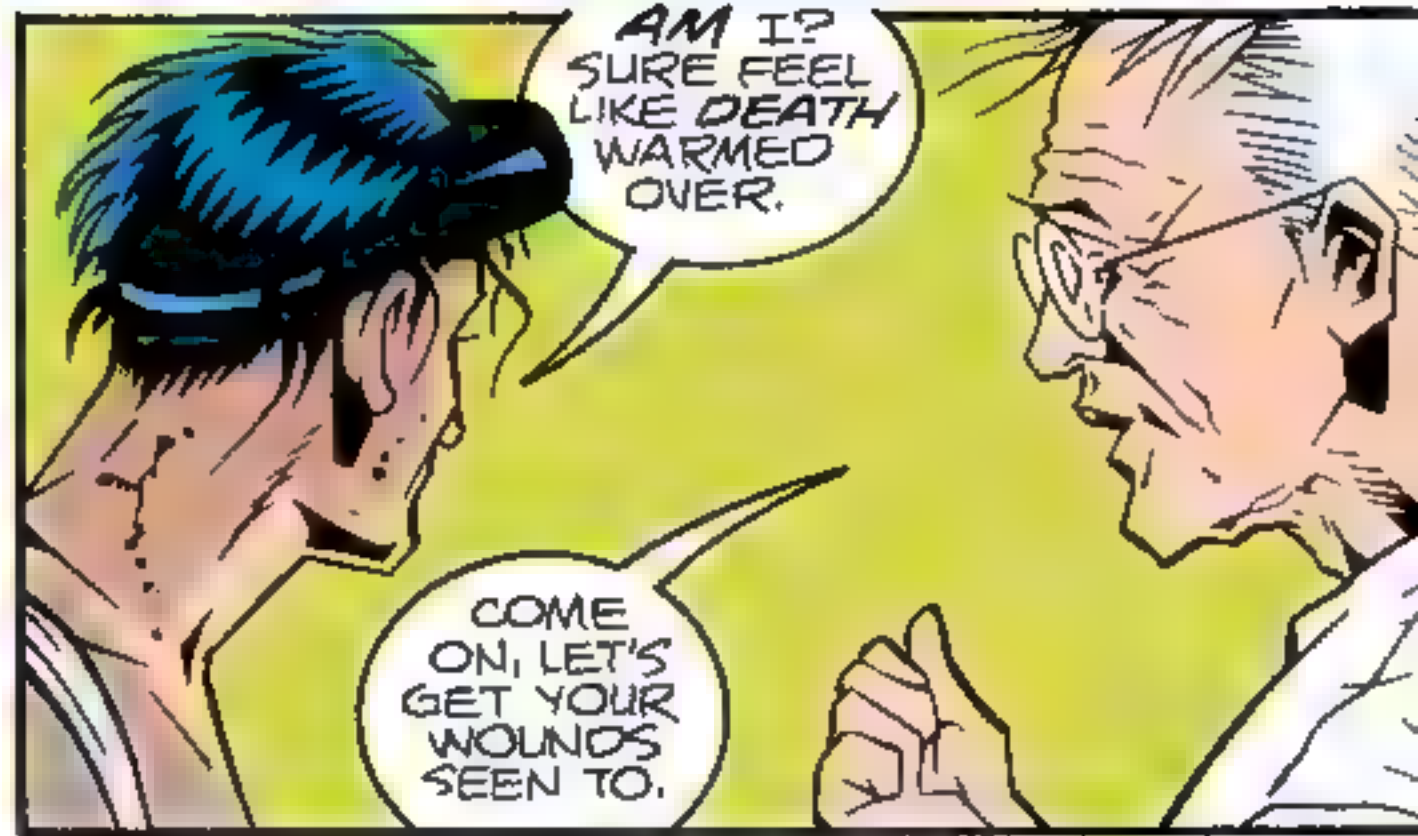
WHEN MY SON GETS BACK FROM HIS ERRAND, COULD YOU TELL HIM I'D LIKE SOME HOT TEA. I'LL TAKE A NAP AND HE SHOULD BE BACK BY THEN.



COULD YOU TELL MY SON... WHEN HE GETS HERE?



IF HE'D BEEN PROUD OR ANGRY OR DEFIANT, I'D HAVE FELT SOME TWISTED SATISFACTION IN SEEING HIM CARTED OFF AGAIN. BUT THERE'S NO VICTORY TONIGHT. NOT IN ANY OF THIS. LET'S JUST SUFFICE OURSELVES WITH BOTH BEING ALIVE, EH, JACK?



AM I? SURE FEEL LIKE DEATH WARMED OVER.

COME ON, LET'S GET YOUR WOUNDS SEEN TO.

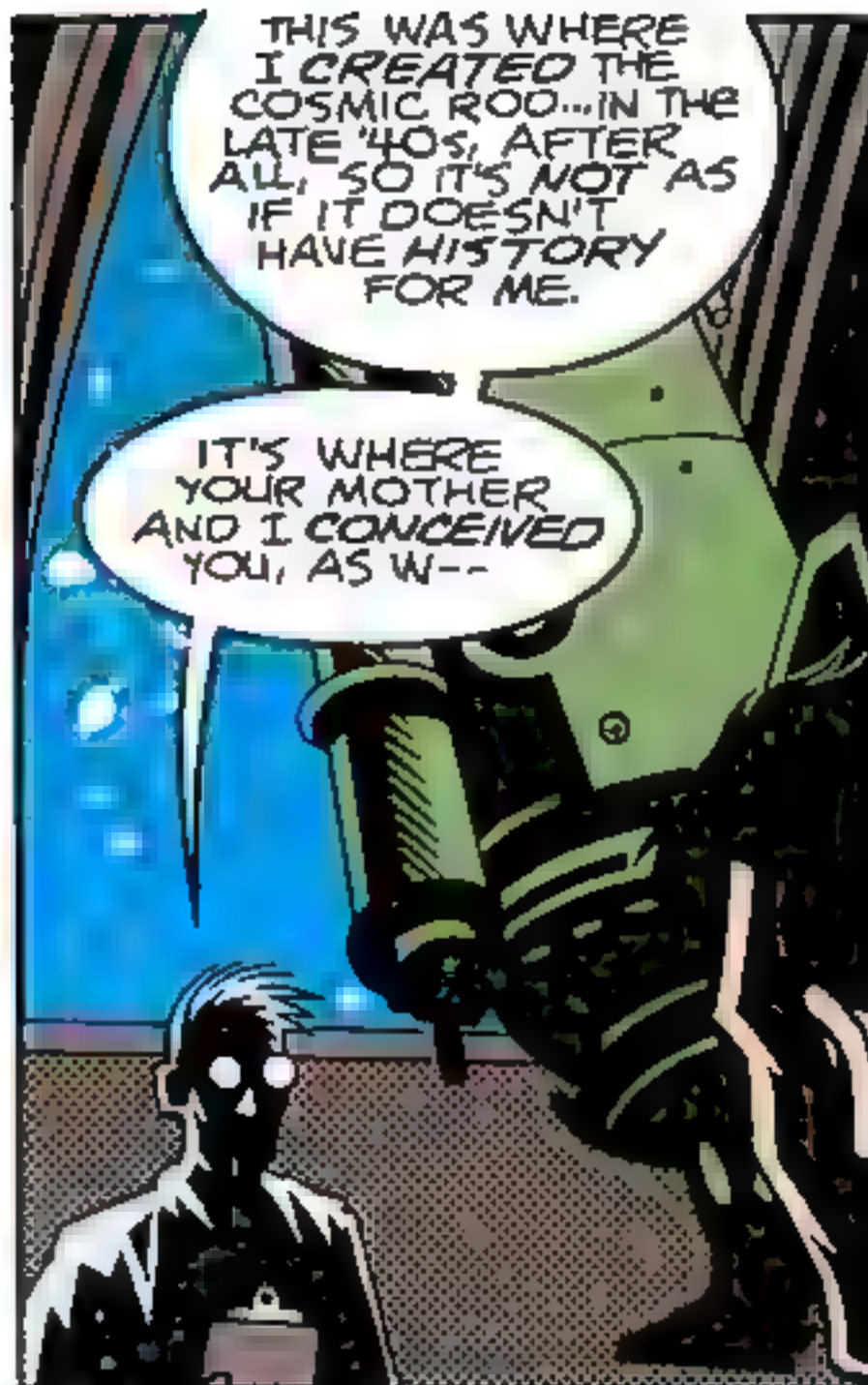


AND WHEN DID YOU GET THAT TATTOO?

DAAAD.



SO I'LL
WORK HERE
UNTIL THE
OBSERVATORY
IN TOWN IS
REBUILT.



THIS WAS WHERE
I CREATED THE
COSMIC ROO...IN THE
LATE '40s, AFTER
ALL, SO IT'S NOT AS
IF IT DOESN'T
HAVE HISTORY
FOR ME.

IT'S WHERE
YOUR MOTHER
AND I CONCEIVED
YOU, AS W--



WHOA, DAD.
YOU HAVE NO
IDEA HOW MUCH
I DO NOT WANT
TO HEAR ABOUT
THAT.

YES, OF
COURSE, I
CAN IMAGINE.
DUMB OF
ME.



DAD, I'VE
BEEN
THINKING.

YOU WANT ME TO
BE STARMAN. RIGHT?
THIS HERO THING IS
IMPORTANT TO YOU?



IT'S A LINEAGE.
I BEGAN IT. DAVID
DIED FOR IT. AND
YOU...I FEEL--

I KNOW
YOU ARE
MEANT TO
CONTINUE IT.

WELL,
I'LL
AGREE
TO DO
THAT.

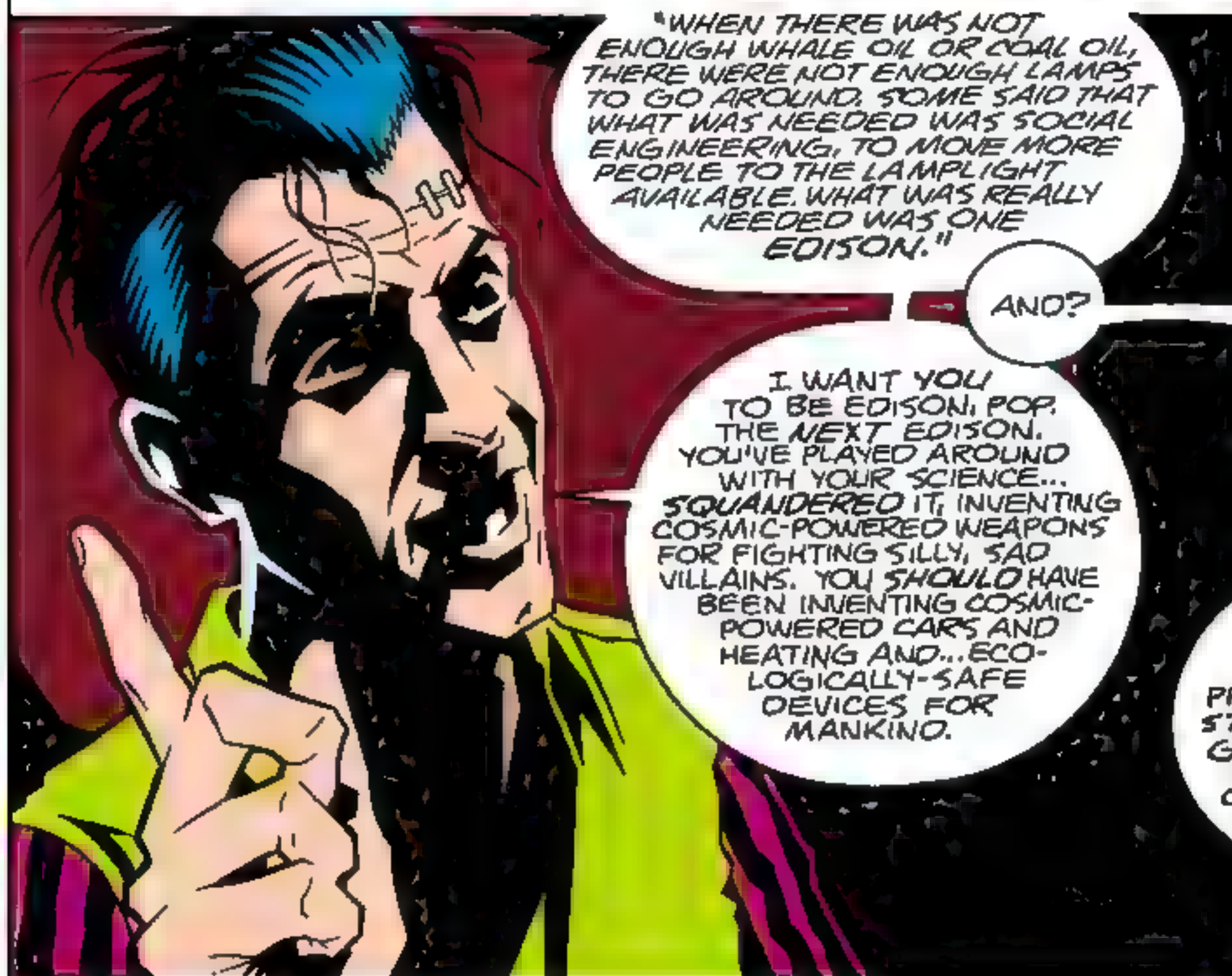
YOU
WILL?

IF...

IF?



LET ME QUOTE FROM A
BOOK. BOOK OF QUOTES,
IN FACT I SEEM TO BE
A VERB. BY R. BUCKMINSTER
FULLER. I MEMORIZED
THIS PASSAGE
OF IT.



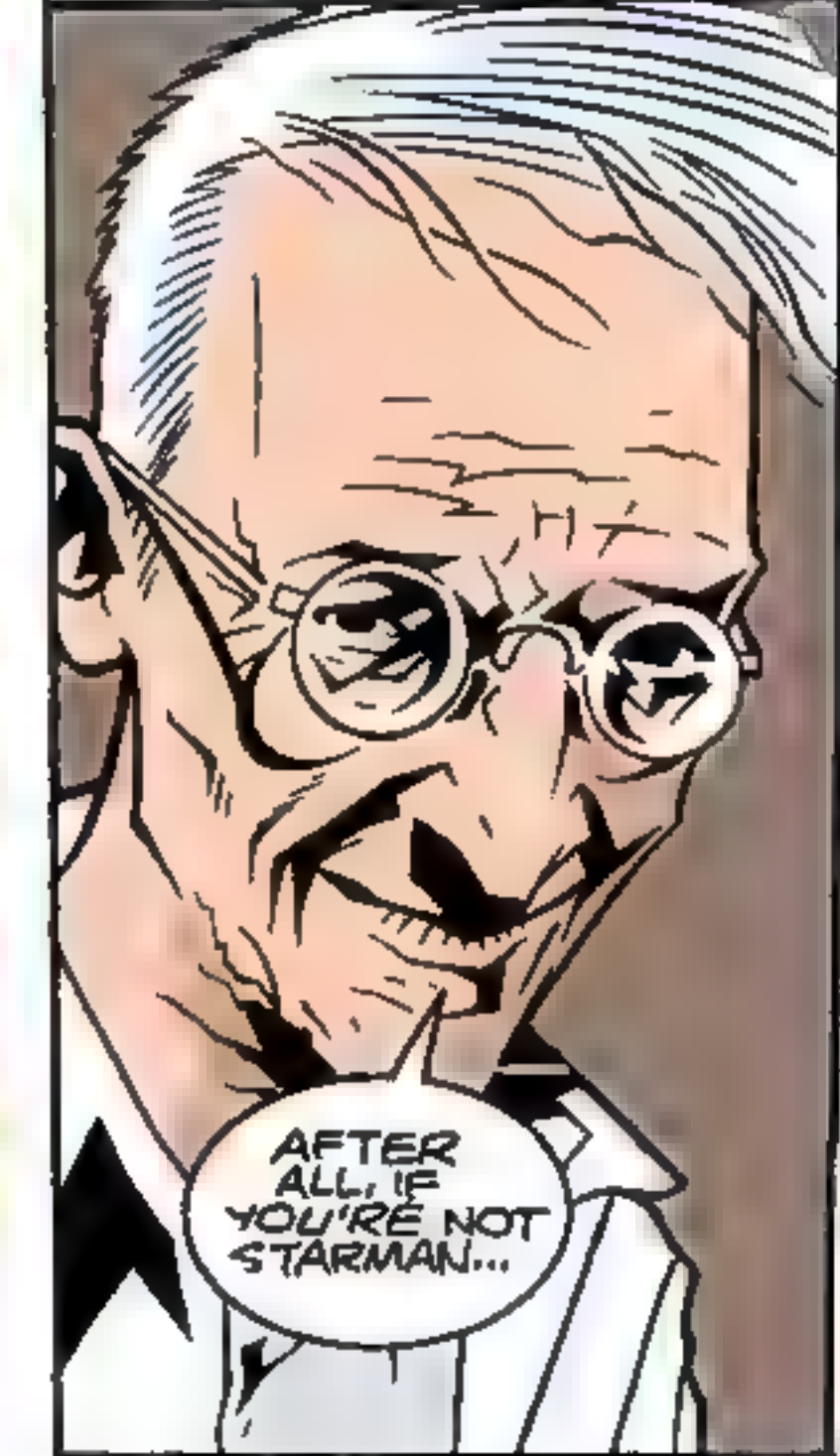
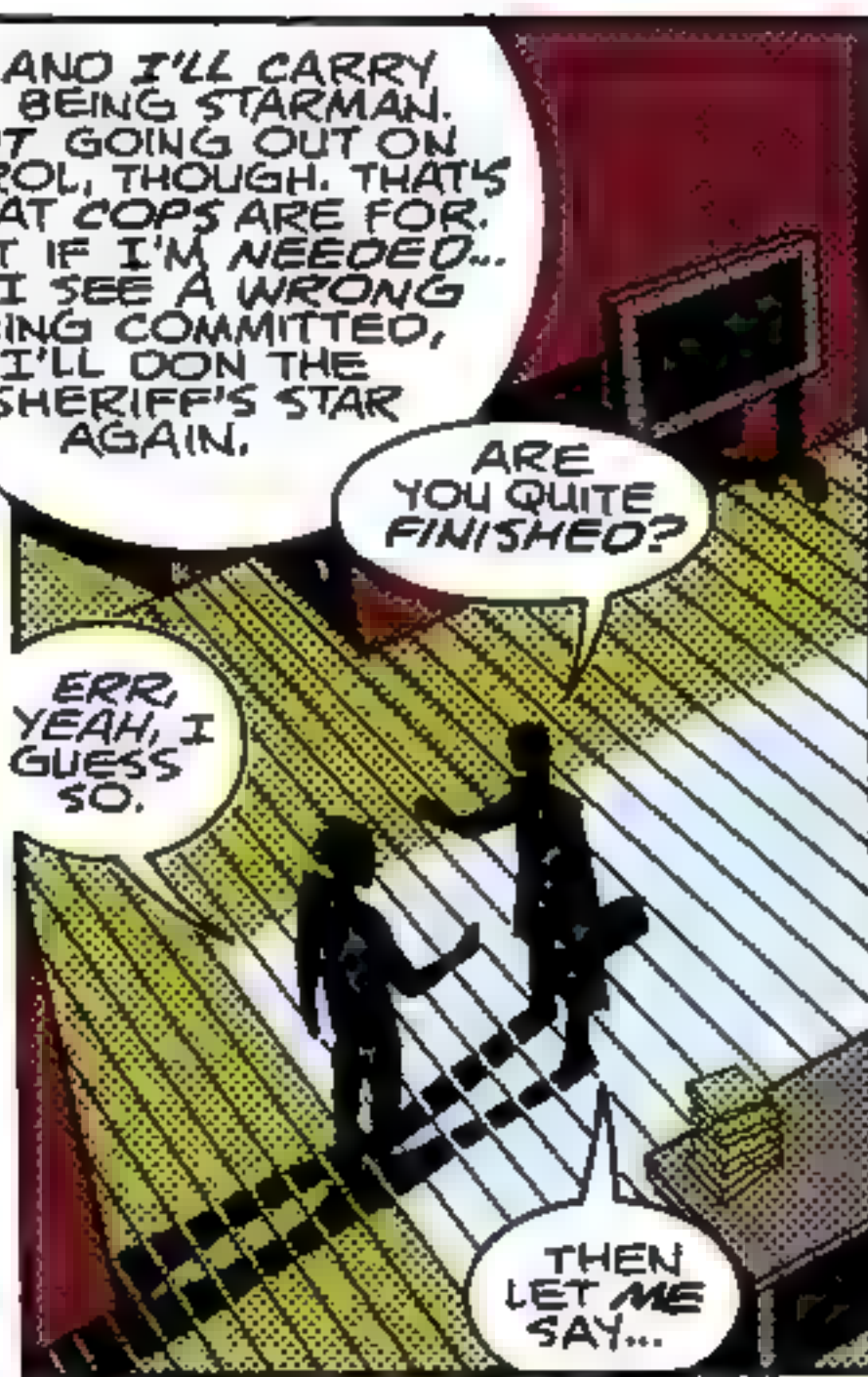
"WHEN THERE WAS NOT
ENOUGH WHALE OIL OR COAL OIL,
THERE WERE NOT ENOUGH LAMPS
TO GO AROUND. SOME SAID THAT
WHAT WAS NEEDED WAS SOCIAL
ENGINEERING, TO MOVE MORE
PEOPLE TO THE LAMPLIGHT
AVAILABLE. WHAT WAS REALLY
NEEDED WAS ONE
EDISON."

AND?

I WANT YOU
TO BE EDISON, POP.
THE NEXT EDISON.
YOU'VE PLAYED AROUND
WITH YOUR SCIENCE...
SQUANDERED IT, INVENTING
COSMIC-POWERED WEAPONS
FOR FIGHTING SILLY, SAD
VILLAINS. YOU SHOULD HAVE
BEEN INVENTING COSMIC-
POWERED CARS AND
HEATING AND...ECO-
LOGICALLY-SAFE
DEVICES FOR
MANKIND.



SUPERHEROES.
SUPERVILLAINS.
IT'S ALL SELF-
PROPAGATING KID
STUFF A CHANCE FOR
GROWN MEN TO PUT
THEIR UNDERWEAR
ON OUTSIDE THEIR
TIGHTS.



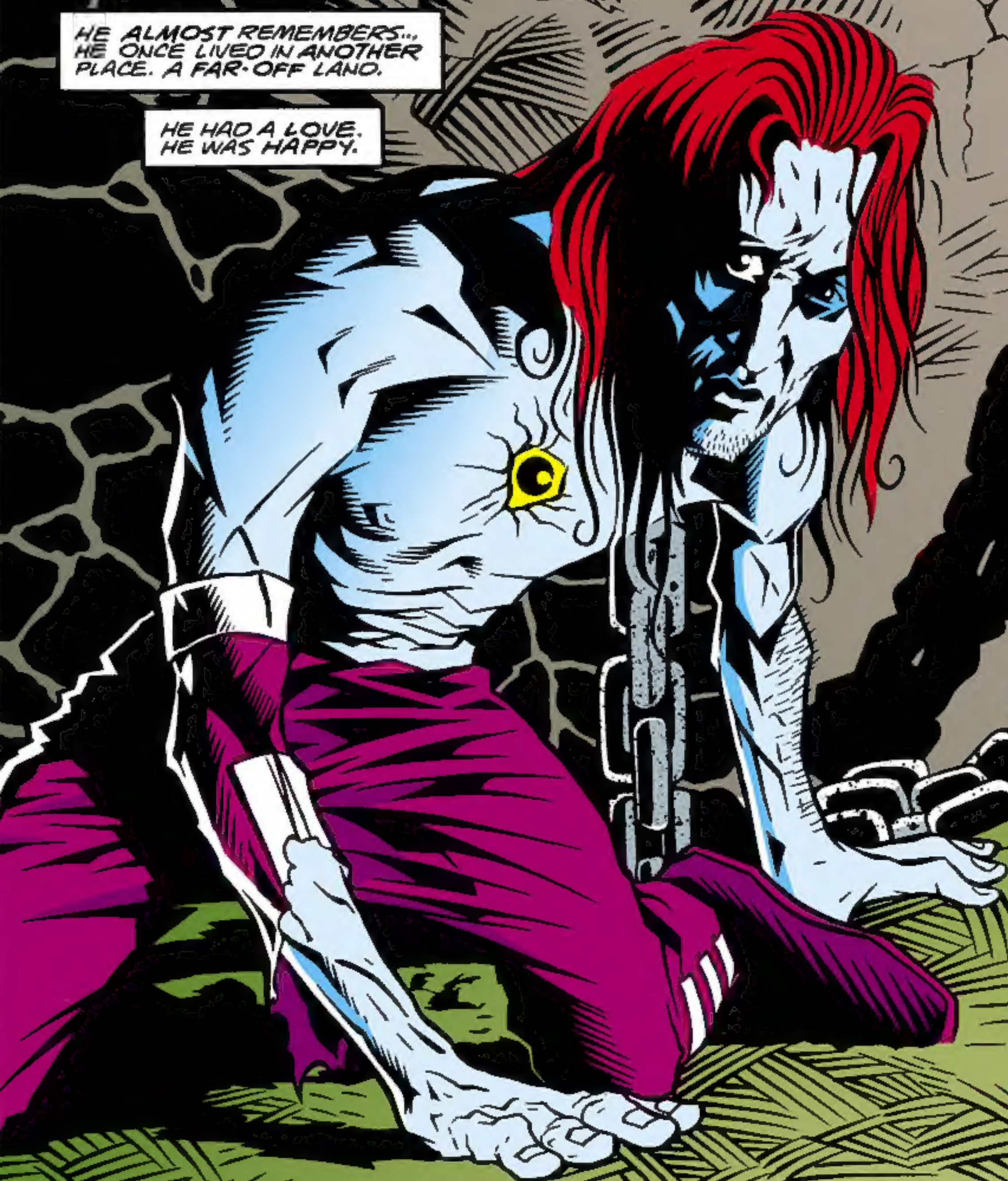


...AND AMONG THE
FREAKS, HE SITS IN
CHAINS AS THE PEOPLE
COME TO POKE AND
STARE.

THEY KEEP HIM DRUNK
AND DRUGGED AND
UNABLE TO THINK...
THINK STRAIGHT...
THINK AT ALL.

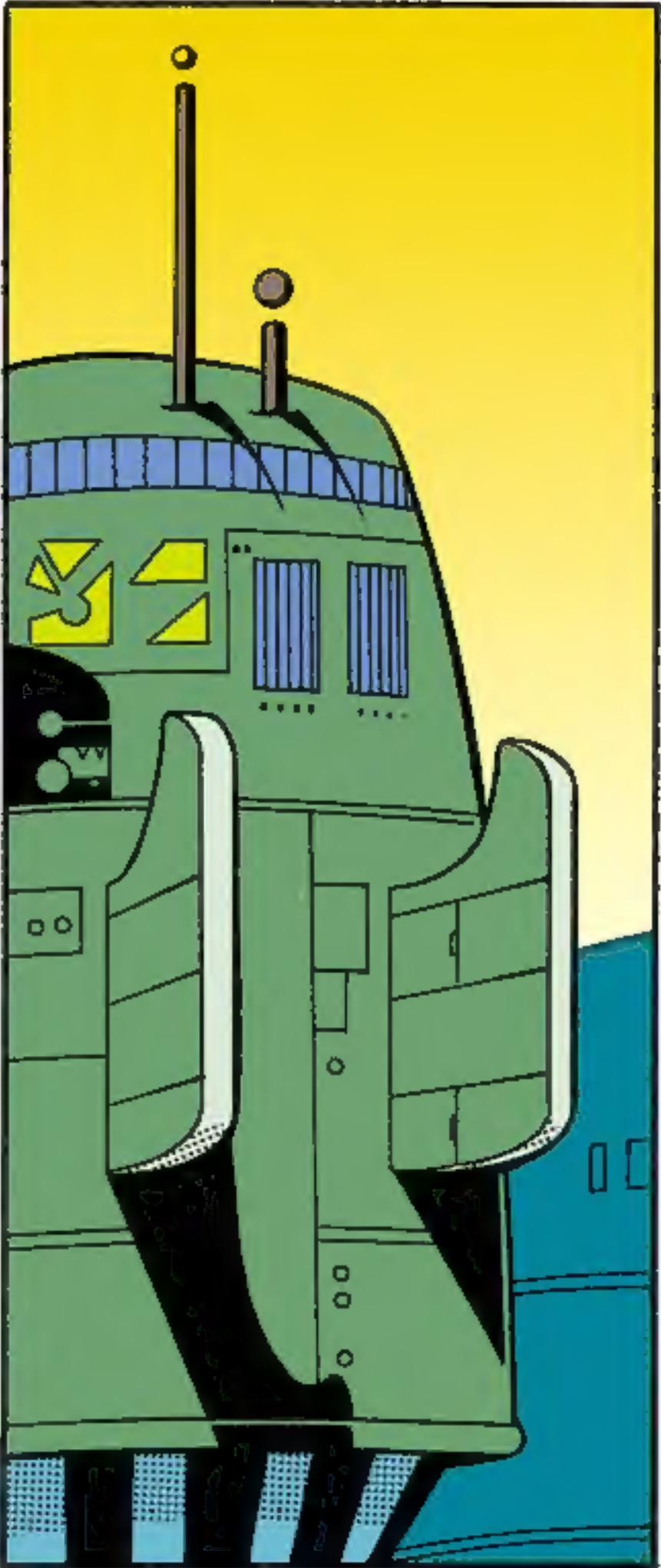
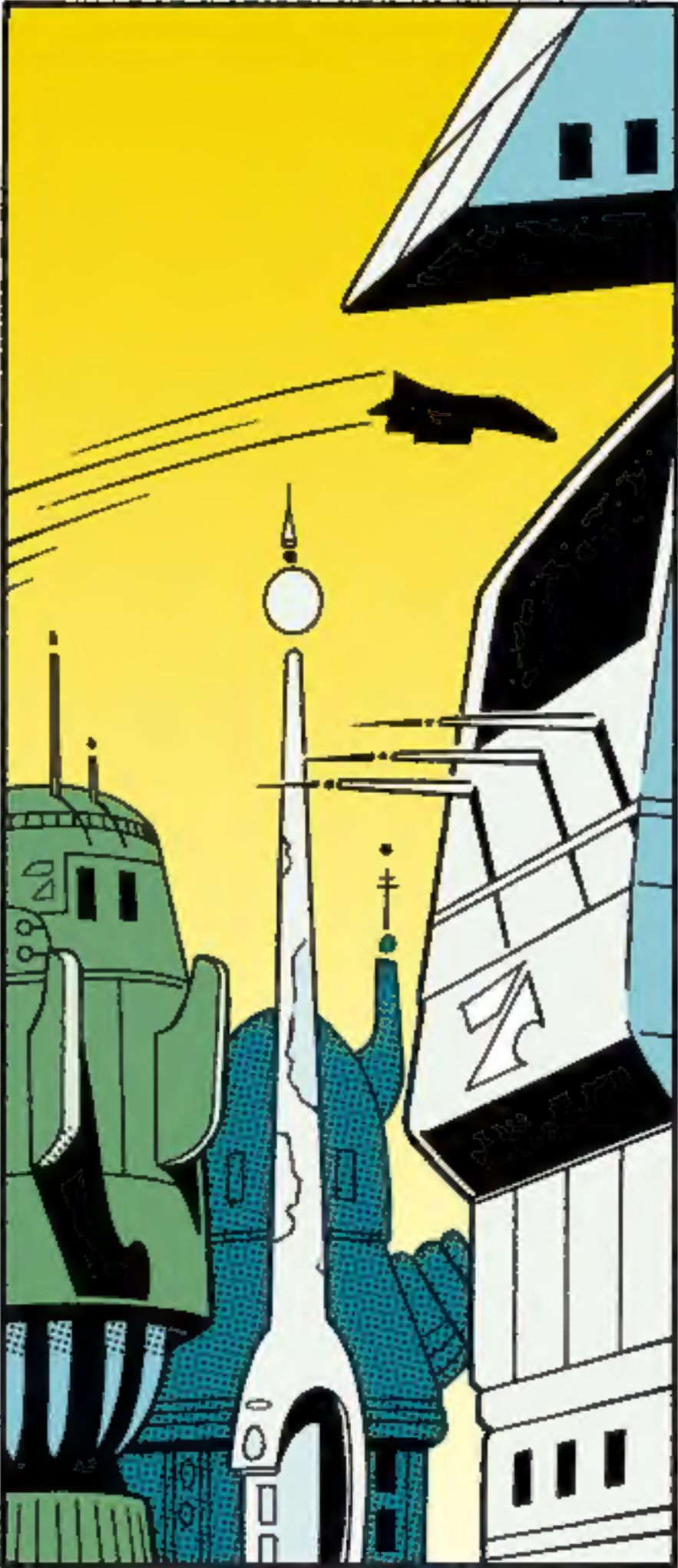
HE ALMOST REMEMBERS...
HE ONCE LIVED IN ANOTHER
PLACE. A FAR-OFF LAND.

HE HAD A LOVE.
HE WAS HAPPY.



AND ONCE...
ONCE.

HE WAS
STARMAN.



A man with a determined, pained expression is shown from the waist up. He is shirtless, with a blue, torn garment around his waist. His arms are raised, and his hands are being held by mechanical devices. He has a small, white, tube-like device in his mouth. The background is a dark, industrial setting with various pipes and mechanical components. In the bottom left corner, there is a small inset showing two yellow, alien-like figures in a green, bubbly environment.

...AGAINST A MAN
WITH THE MOON
IN HIS FACE.

HE WENT TO HIS
DEATH WITH A
SNARL AND NO
FEAR.

BUT HE
DIDN'T
DIE.

INSTEAD, HE AWOKE
IN PAIN AS SCIENTISTS
SCREAMING ALIEN
BABBLE HE DIDN'T
UNDERSTAND SWARMED
AROUND HIM, PROBING
AND TESTING HIS BODY.

THESE TESTS
ARE AGONY.
EACH MORE
PAINFUL THAN
THE LAST.

HE'S POWERLESS,
HE'S A PRISONER...
AND HE'S NOT
SURE HOW MUCH
MORE HE CAN
STAND.

HIS NAME IS
WILL PAYTON.

AND ONCE...

...HE, TOO, WAS
STARMAN.

Deadman Wade

"THIS IS WHAT
AWESOME
LOOKS LIKE".

DCP